

Twice a Month!



**messing
about in
BOATS**



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Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will find me finally getting out again and looking at what's happening in boats. December and January I holed up pretty much here and worked through stories that came in from readers. Good stuff, too, but time for me to get back to work. So, I'll have a look at what's interesting at the Boston Sailboat Show (there are small sailboats offered). There'll still be more cruising stories from the backlog here, more designs, more book reviews, etc. But at last, intimations of Spring are stirring.

On the Cover...

Jim Casey set "in" (instead of "out") last October on a camping cruise in his Wee Lassie canoe, heading inland from Narragansett Bay on the Taunton River. The cover shot is on the Matfield River, a Taunton River tributary. Full feature coverage in this issue.

When Jim Casey of Newport, RI, asked if I'd be interested in a story on his "inland cruise" in his Wee Lassie canoe I was delighted to tell him, "Yes, yes, yes..." Jim's a TSCA member I've known for a number of years and has done a lot of this sort of camper cruising in canoes over the years. A few years ago Jim's daughter purchased a restored Old Town Double Ended Rowboat from me, because she had fond memories of camping as a youngster with her dad in a similar boat. Jim's story was particularly attractive to me because I've a tendency to look seaward for boating, living but three miles from the coast.

The opportunities for boating adventures on inland waters are there. New England has lots of lakes and streams. Canoeists have long known this and developed their interests heavily into challenges such as whitewater running. But to me an adventure does not have to include quasi-heroes. I've no argument with those who do enjoy that sort of self-realization, it's just that I did all my heroics in my 20's, 30's and early 40's. Now I find exploration more of an adventure.

Jim's trip is just that, exploration. He says right off up front that he enjoys such a trip more if he does not have a detailed description of every last thing that he'll encounter enroute. He's a map freak (so am I) and enjoys using the U.S. Geological Survey maps as part of his inland cruises.

Jim doesn't comment on it with any emphasis, but I noted that he had no problems camping on four

successive nights on the banks of the river at what he viewed as attractive spots. No problems with anyone chasing him off as a trespasser. He camped and departed, leaving no sign of his having been there. Low impact camping. Other friends do a similar thing on Maine islands. It appears one need not plan on stopping over at the KOA each night on an inland cruise. In my limited river and stream boating, I've noticed how much rural countryside still lines riverbanks, even here in densely populated Essex County.

Bart Hauthaway commented once on this to me, telling how he can enjoy a "wilderness" experience paddling on the Sudbury River right amongst the sprawling greater Boston area. Nobody else out there. He contrasts this with doing the Allagash in summer. Admittedly a far more exciting river, but with thousands of other "wilderness seekers" populating it right alongside?

Jim also mentioned how in paddling about 40 miles in southeastern Massachusetts, he met only two other boats. Rivers with too many shallows and obstacles discourage the "gas-it-and-go" outboard set. Nice for our smaller craft. If you can find a stream or river that's not been seized upon by large numbers of paddlers or oarsmen through being heavily promoted by outdoor clubs, you're really going to have it much to yourself. And if you can go on weekdays, as Jim did, then it's all yours. Amazing indeed in such crowded and busy times.



Rowers have a brand new boat!

The Special Olympics rowing program received a "boost in the oars" over the summer. Through a grant awarded by the U.S. Rowing Association, a new six oar boat was designed and built for the Special Olympic rowers. It was designed specifically for use by our special athletes by Phil Bolger, a nationally known boat designer from Gloucester, Massachusetts. Lloyd Miller, a boat repairman for the University of Pennsylvania, was contracted to build the 26 foot long and four foot wide craft. Miller is originally from Jamaica where he was a boat builder.

The new boat can hold six Special Olympians and one coach and is very safe as each end is filled with styrofoam for flotation. This bigger craft will increase the training time the athletes get to spend rowing on the river and parents and teachers will be able to learn how to row as well.

Beginning this fall, the athletes will receive land training at the Carousel House, a Department of Recreation facility for mentally handicapped children and adults.

The catalyst for obtaining the grant was Chuck Colgan, who initiated the rowing program for special athletes four years ago. Initially, Chuck recruited his brother, Tom, who also was the manager of this project, Bob Meyers, David Kacala and Jim Wickersham to be rowing coaches. Hoping to obtain another grant to cover costs for a second boat, Colgan is currently looking for a skills center or vocational school to work on a new boat.

In a dedication ceremony on October 23rd, at the Camp Dimension Boat House located on the West River Drive, the new boat was christened "Helen T" after Helen Toolsearam who has been summer camp director for Camp Dimension for the past 25 years.

Bon Voyage to the "Helen T."



Preparing to row the new boat. Coaches Bill Meyers, Tom Colgan with Eddie Glover (right).



1st crew to row the new boat. Teddie Angerman, 3rd from left. Eddie Glover, 4th from left. Coaches Tom Colgan, left and Bill Meyers, right.



The Special Olympics crew pays a visit to Lloyd Miller at the U of P Boathouse. Teddie Angerman, 3rd from left. Eddie Glover 2nd from right.



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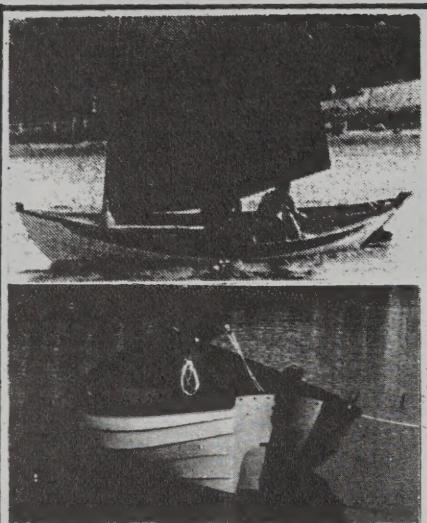
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HAPPENINGS



Maine Maritime Museum

MUSEUM WINTER SCHEDULE

The Maine Maritime Museum's winter series of lectures and workshops is drawing to a close now. Those remaining are the following.

Lectures are held in the lecture room of Morse High School, 826 High St. in Bath from 7-9:30 p.m. with a non-member fee of \$2 charged. The remaining workshops will take place at the Apprenticeshop at the Percy & Small Shipyard facility at 279 Washington St. in Bath at hours noted for each, at fees also individually noted. Here is the calendar:

MARCH 2: Lecture, "The Life and Photographs of Emma Sewall" by Abbie Sewall Schultz, turn of the century art scene.

MARCH 12: Workshop, "Caulking" by John Maritato, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., \$35 prior registration.

MARCH 16: Lecture, "Confederates Downeast" by John Clibbon Brain, Civil War hi-jacking of the Portland - New York steamship.

MARCH 30: Lecture, "Cushnoc, The Fur Trading Fort on the Kennebec" by Lee Cramer, the Plymouth Colony's 17th century outpost at what is now Augusta.

MARCH 30-31: Workshop, "Painting and Finishing" by Paul Bryant, 7-10 p.m. each day, \$35 prior registration.

ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHOP WINTER LECTURE SERIES

"Join us Wednesday evenings at 7:30" states the announcement of this winter series of lectures at Lance Lee's Rockport Apprenticeshop in Rockport, ME. No charge, but it's a bit of a trip for an evening program. Still, maybe you'll find something irresistible herein:

MARCH 2: "The Relationship Between Designer and Boatbuilder" by Joel White.

MARCH 9: Commentary on Sam Crocker's Designs and on 40 Years of Boat Building and Repair at Crocker's Boatyard" by Sturgis Crocker.

MARCH 16: "The Athenian Trireme: Building and Learning to Handle a Replica of a 170 Oared, Triple Banked Greek Warship of the 4th Century BC" by Paul Lipke.

Information at (207) 236-6071.



CUSTOM HOUSE MUSEUM EVENTS

The Newburyport, MA, Custom House Museum's Thursday evening seminars relating to Newburyport's maritime heritage continue in March with the following being offered:

MARCH 3: "World Trade Was Ours" will include demonstrations of navigation techniques, using chart and parallel rule with Wally Lesynski, plot a harbor course with Pam Stickney, plot a course to China on a 15' wall map with Linda Lee, learn sextant operation with Jeff Murdy, understand Loran with Tom Guthlein.

MARCH 16: "Treasures Brought Back" will be a guided tour of the Cushing House Museum where trade treasures of bygone days are on display, with curator Janet Howell and Suzanne Plante.

MARCH 24: "Today & Tomorrow" will review the situation today on the Merrimack River, why salmon and sturgeon are returning with Rosalind Tufts, recreational boating with John Fish of the American Yacht Club, commercial fishing with Dave Fryberg, the waterfront's future with Mayor Edward Molin.

These events are all on Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. For costs and further information, call the Custom House Museum at (617) 462-8681.

NOANK WOODEN BOAT SEMINARS

The Noank Wooden Boat Association's winter seminar series offers the following for March:

MARCH 11: "Marine Electronics" with Fred Wilson of Dockside Electronics.

All seminars are at the Noank (CT) Firehouse, 7 to 9 p.m. Free to members, cost to non-members is \$6 per seminar, applicable to membership dues if joining that evening. Call Holt Vibber at (203) 442-7376 for further details.

THE ANNUAL MOUNT DORA ANTIQUE BOAT FESTIVAL

MARCH 24-27



MT. DORA ANTIQUE BOAT FESTIVAL

If you're likely to be in Florida over March 24-27, you might want to look in on the Annual Mount Dora Antique Boat Festival, a four day gathering of antique and classic boats (chiefly inboard powerboats). This event used to be held at Lake Monroe. Details from the Mt. Dora Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 196, Mt. Dora, FL 32757.

LONG RANGE PLANNING SECTION

If you need to know what's happening next summer so you might plan a vacation trip around it, here's a few long range announcements of coming events.



SMALL BOAT SHOW COMING

Yes, once again in May the Newport Yachting Center will host the North American Small Boat Show in Newport, RI. The dates are Friday May 20th through Sunday May 22nd. Exhibitor kits from the Show at P.O. Box 549, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1600.

LAKE HOPATCONG ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOAT SHOW

The 14th Annual Show for mahogany runabouts and the like at Lake Hopatcong, NJ, will be held July 9-10 at the Lake Hopatcong Yacht Club. Details from Skip Shipman, RD2, Box 552B, Andover, NJ 07821, (201) 398-0017 (home), (201) 966-2466 (bus.).



CLEARWATER FESTIVAL MOVED

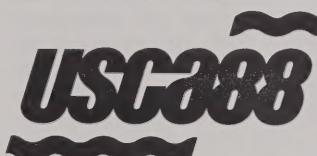
The Clearwater Great Hudson River Revival, long held every June at a riverside park in Croton, NY, has been refused use of the location this year. It seems the adjacent giant trash mountain that has loomed over the park for years ever larger, is now viewed by the bureaucrats as a hazardous waste site. So, no big public gatherings adjacent to it. Not to worry, the Revival has found a new spot on the campus of the Westchester Community College in Valhalla, NY. The Revival is chiefly a music festival, with folk singer Pete Seeger the prime mover. But there's always been room for traditional small boat builders to gather and participate, what with Seeger's Clearwater Sloop Hudson River environmental activities. Dates are June 18-19. Small boat builders interested in participating (there's no fee involved) should contact Stan Dickstein at Clearwater, Inc., 112 Market St., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601, (914) 454-7673.



Thousand Islands Shipyard Museum

THOUSAND ISLANDS ANTIQUE BOAT SHOW & AUCTION

The oldest running antique boat show (covered extensively in our Sept. 1, 1987 issue) in the nation will be held this summer at the Thousand Islands Shipyard Museum in Clayton, NY, on August 6-7. This is a very dynamic show with a lot of action, great people and a nice mix of boats, including oar, paddle and sail powered craft indigenous to the region, as well as all the powerboats of yesteryear. On the afternoon of the 6th, a nautical auction will be held. Various boats and artifacts now superfluous to the Museum collection will be auctioned off, and interested persons may submit privately owned articles of appropriate nautical nature for auction. An entry fee and commission will be charged on these. For information on participating, or attending to spectate, contact the Thousand Islands Shipyard Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.



U.S. NATIONAL CANOE & KAYAK CHAMPIONSHIP

Big time paddling competition comes to New England on August 19-21 at Hanover, NH, with the National Marathon Championship, a 17 mile race on the Connecticut River, starting and finishing at the Ledward Canoe Club adjacent to the Dartmouth College boathouse. Ledward and the Connecticut Canoe Racing Association are co-hosts. There'll be numerous classes for all sorts of racing canoes and kayaks. Details from Frank Muller, 79 Hartford Ave., Unit 1, White River Jet., VT 05001, (802) 295-3795.

THE WORST DAY ON THE WATER IS...

Reader Bill Chewning of Richmond, VA, comments on messing about in boats in this way:

"At the Dovekie Spring cruise on the Chesapeake, soaked to the skin and drifting down LaTrappe Creek looking for any air conditions, one of our skippers was heard to remark that the worst day on the water is better than the best day in the office. She was so right!"

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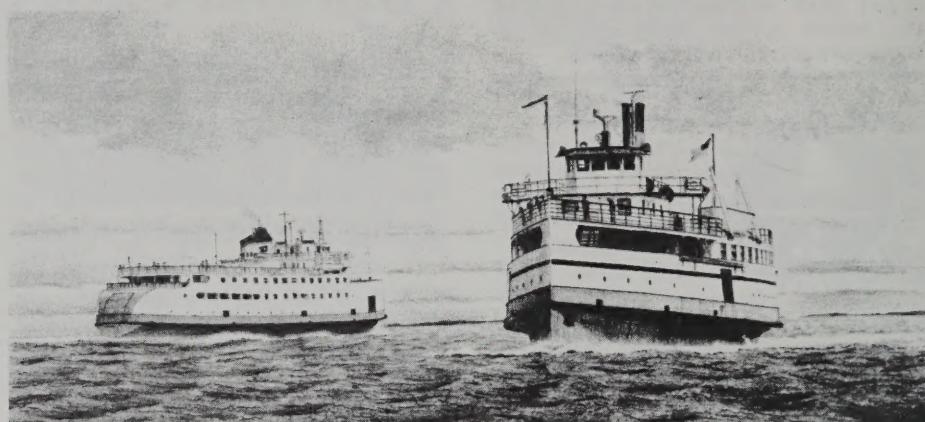
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Original pencil drawing by:
William H. Ewen, Jr.

"THE LAST ISLAND STEAMERS" SS NANTUCKET (later NAUSHON) and SS NOBSKA

NOBSKA is a former steamboat serving Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. For a number of years it has languished in various ownerships, most recently since 1974 heading apparently for the waterfront restaurant fate some such old ships meet in lieu of the breaker's yard. Since 1975 the steamer has rested in Baltimore, MD. During all these years a group of steamboat (NOBSKA still has its main steam engine) enthusiasts have doggedly attempted to purchase the historic ship and bring it home to New Bedford. Since 1974 they have been organized as Friends of NOBSKA, Inc., another non-profit preservation society.

Well, perseverance will prevail. Despite long periods of frustration when NOBSKA's owner would not even discuss selling it, and later on made unacceptable offers to sell it for \$1.5 million, dropping to \$650,000 and then to \$350,000 (with a proviso allowing him to remove that priceless steam engine), the Friends of NOBSKA negotiated on. In December, they were startled by an offer to GIVE them the

ship outright, no strings! Unreal.

Now a new hurdle arose. The owner had planned to incorporate the ship into a Baltimore waterfront development as a floating restaurant, but was left out by the developers. He had to move the boat from its berth of 13 years. He is moving it to Chesapeake City, MD, at the head of the Chesapeake. From there, it will be the Friends of NOBSKA's responsibility to have it towed to New Bedford. Estimates of the cost of the trip are in the \$15,000 to \$30,000 range.

The Friends have commitments for \$10,000 and decided to accept the gift. Paraphrasing Winston Churchill's comments when the tide of World War II turned in Europe in 1942, the Friends announce that they are at "the end of the beginning". The days of waiting and negotiating are over, there'll be more than enough to do from now on. NOBSKA now needs more friends than ever. Interested? Contact Friends of NOBSKA, Inc., P.O. Box J-4097, New Bedford, MA 02741 for further particulars.

WEST MARINE HAS THE STUFF

Remarks in BOATS a while back about not finding a sailmaker's palm in most marine supply catalogs (when discussing WOODEN BOAT magazine's catalog) prompted me to write. West Marine Products of Santa Cruz, CA, publishes a catalog of "quality boating gear and apparel at discount prices". They have everything you can imagine, watches to winches, EPIRBs to ensigns, padeyes and protest flags. Their primary market is the spare-no-expense yachting and racing crowd, but they do have terrific small boat gear. Like waxed twine (tried to buy that stuff lately?), grommet sets, all manner of inexpensive cleats, foul weather gear, and, yes, sailmaker's palms.

Better still, their prices are lower than you'll find anywhere this side of a flea market. I can't beat their prices living here in Nova Scotia, even including duty, tax and shipping. And their service is fantastic. They once sent me a separate back order of two jam cleats, value \$4.10, out of a total order of \$16, and didn't even bill me the \$2 additional postage. Customs declarations are always properly made out and the gear usually arrives before the VISA bill it's charged to.

All in all, these people have been a delight to do business with. West Marine Products, P.O. Box 2450, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

Ernie Cassidy, Concession, NS

LAKE COCHITUATE CONFLICTS

Lake Cochituate State Park sits right next to the Greater Boston megalopolis and is heavily used by a variety of boaters and the swimming public too. Over the years a segregation of user types has been established by the state, with water skiers/powerboaters going fast in one of the three lakes (they're all interconnected), paddlers/rowers/sailors in another. Now the jet ski has arrived, causing controversy, and according to reader Dick Miller of Natick, MA, who lives on the shore of the northern "quiet" lake, new rulings for 1988 proposed by the Forests & Parks people will impinge upon these quiet users.

The jet skis conflict with the water skiers it seems, so the proposed new arrangement is to move them into the north lake with the paddlers, sailors and rowers. Until now, any powerboats entering this section had to observe (on week-

ends only) a 5 mph speed limit. Hard to envision jet skis at that speed.

A second new ruling will eliminate the canoe rental concession. It seems the rental canoes are dangerous, people who do not know anything about paddling canoes get into them and go on out and get in the way of the power boats. Ergo, eliminate the rentals, thus limiting canoeing to those who already own, and presumably know how to use, canoes. No chance for new people to have a try at canoeing, too dangerous.

The public hearing on these regulations was held February 27th at Lowell State Park. We received notice too late to announce it to you before this. If you care to submit comment on these rules, address your remarks to the Mass. Dept. of Environmental Protection, Forests & Parks, 100 Cambridge St., Boston, MA 02202.

SAFETY REGULATIONS

The tide is running in on increased regulation of boat operators, chiefly aimed at powerboaters and youth under 16 operating powerboats. The National Association of State Boating Law Administrators is attempting to draft model regulations to deal with this. The increase in boat traffic and accidents involving untrained, unaware operators, particularly youngsters in high powered outboards, is bringing on this bureaucratic attention. This winter Massachusetts was proposing a licensing or safety course requirement for boaters at various public hearings. New Jersey has enacted legislation focussed on under-16 operators, requiring them to take and pass a boating safety course before operating a powerboat. Delaware is proposing a tough licensing law affecting ALL who operate a boat in the state's wat-

ers. This latter approach, if not clearly stated, can include people paddling, rowing or sailing small unmotorized craft.

While it seems that reckless operation of high speed powerboats needs some sort of controlling, the blanket licensing approach is one that sweeps in everyone, creates an enlarged bureaucracy to administer it, fees for permission to go boating, and the self-perpetuating purpose of the administrating bureaucracy henceforth. If your state is considering this sort of regulation, you'd best be sure you're heard on the subject of differentiating out powerboat operation. Our highways require licenses and age limits to operate motor vehicles, but bicyclists and pedestrians do not need such licensing. Our manually or naturally powered boats fall into an analogous category.

The American Canoe Association

presents

Coastal Kayaking



COASTAL KAYAKING SAFETY

Chuck Sutherland's long campaign to develop safety guidelines for new sea kayakers, originally through ANORAK, has finally resulted in a safety pamphlet published by the American Canoe Association. The folder concisely outlines basic safety considerations: How to get out of your kayak if you capsize; basic paddling technique; group and solo rescues; hypothermia recognition and treatment; analysis of sea conditions that affect kayak safety; group paddling courtesies; and an equipment checklist. You can obtain a copy for yourself, or a bulk lot for an organized group, from the American Canoe Association, P.O. Box 1190, Newington, VA 22122-1190.

ABOUT THAT HORSEPOWERED FERRY

The old photo of the horse-propelled ferry that appeared a few issues ago (December 15, 1987) reminded me of an account of the early ferry service in New York harbor that I read several years ago.

"In the Hudson Highlands" is primarily a collection of articles about various features in the highlands. However, it does include a few lowland articles. Among them is, "You Use a Ferry to Get There" by Margaret Keating. It describes the evolution of the ferry services in New York harbor starting with the pulling boats used on the shorter routes across the East and Hudson Rivers, and the sailboats used on the longer routes to Staten Island. These were limited to carrying passengers and produce.

Early in the nineteenth century, John Stevens built the first steam-propelled ferry in New York and operated it between Manhattan and the west bank of the Hudson. However, Mr. Steven's ferry service did not last long. Robert Fulton and his partner, Robert Livingston, received an exclusive franchise to operate steam ferry service on the waters of New York state.

But, Mr. Stevens continued to operate his ferry service with horse-propelled vessels that he designed. They consisted of three hulls each and had paddle wheels on each side of the center hulls. Treadmills were used to transmit the horsepower to the wheels.

Mr. Stevens also invented the double-ended ferry which was able to load and discharge at either end, eliminating the need for turning about at each end of a passage.

"In the Hudson Highlands" was published in 1945 by Walking News Press, Inc., P.O. Box 352, New York, NY 10013. Copies may still be available. The copyright is held by the Publication Committee of the New York Chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club. It may be available through your local library.

Bob Martin, Malverne, NY

LEFT WITH ONLY 18

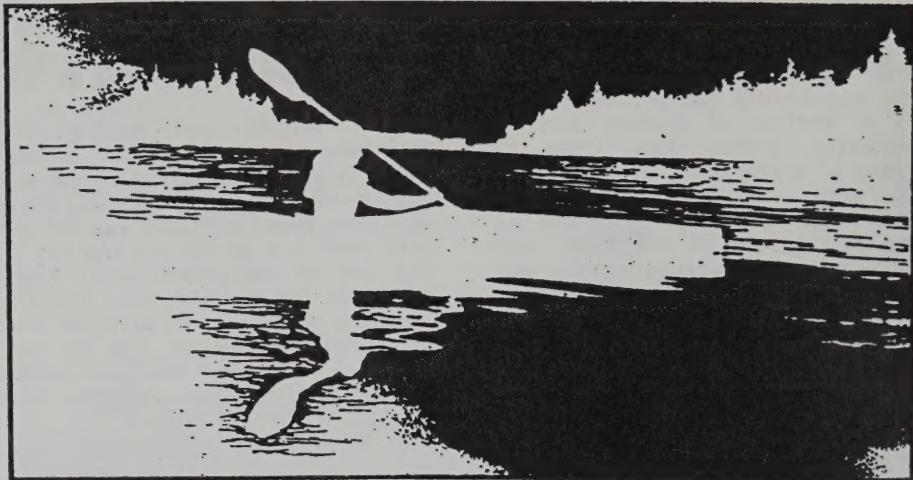
Jerry Farmer of Minnetonka, MN, is one of Weston Farmer's sons and his addiction seems to be old marine engines. He sent us a classified ad to offer a 1948 Herc for sale (see the classified pages) and added the following remarks:

"I sold the English DINGYMO-TA so now I'm left with only 18 old one-lungers and an orphaned Model A Ford conversion kit. My dad designed a runabout, SCRAM, in 1931 to take a Model A Ford engine. He said it would do 40. I dunno. I still have the design in an old issue of 'Modern Mechanix'.

"Necessity is the mother of invention" is so true. I lived out this old saying on my most recent efforts to paddle over to the house on Rogers Island which I am caretaker for. My last attempt (reported on in the February 15th issue) had to deal with floating slush and ice. Now, after my almost stranding on the island that time, I was faced with a total ice in of the island. Continued zero temperatures had created ice freezing in the Thimble Islands by Friday night. As I gazed out over the ice, which reached far beyond Rogers Island, I felt helpless. The amount of effort required to break a channel through this ice pack would be far more than I could apply. I would have to innovate.

On Saturday, temperatures moderated under a bright sun. I watched eagerly from my home through binoculars as more and more ice disappeared, but from my viewpoint I could not ascertain if enough ice had departed from the island to permit me to reach it. By afternoon I decided that the most likely direction from which to approach the island would be the west, as the wind had been blowing from that direction, pushing the ice eastward into Stony Creek, from where I watched.

I drove to the most westerly area, Hotchkiss Grove, and found at the beach that the water was cluttered for about 50 feet out with small ice pans moving up and down with the swells. I concluded I could launch from here, but decided to first check further to the east, closer to the island. I found an access point in Pine Orchard where I could launch, but getting to



Iced In

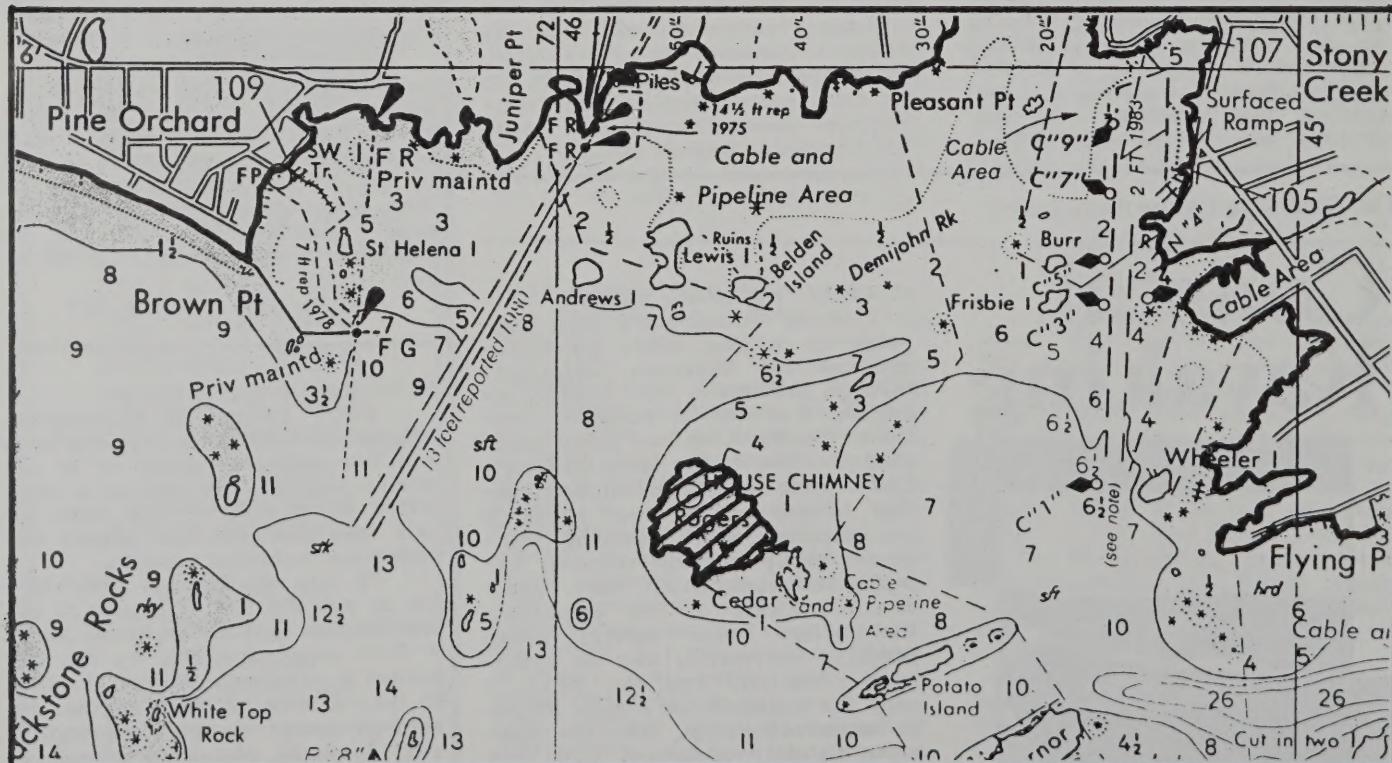
Report by Gail Ferris

the water involved a long walk to steps and then rocks. Gazing over to the island, I could now see that it was still iced in. Well, the wind had piled the ice onto the western side, which is normally kept open by the tidal currents. Interesting how the wind could move the ice from an area with little current and pile it up where the current runs strongly. I had never thought of flat ice pans as sailing before the wind. As it was sunset, I could see I'd have to wait another day. It was forecast to be sunny and warmer and perhaps the ice would then clear away from the island.

By 2 p.m. on Sunday, with only a light westerly wind and lots of warm sunshine, the ice had receded from the western side of Rogers Island, as well as from amongst the rest of the Thimbles

south of Stony Creek. The only obstacle to my launching now from Flying Point, the most southerly point in Stony Creek, was about 100 feet of ice pans packed against the shore. I knew they were too large and pressed together too tightly for me to negotiate with a paddle. I had need of another sort of implement to pull my kayak through them, a sort of ice pick that would be long enough to reach ahead, yet light to handle, and not so sharp as to accidentally puncture my kayak hull should I miscalculate. This ruled out an ice axe or a stick with a spike in the end.

Then I remembered that I had just the thing, a nice garden hoe with a long slender handle and narrow blade. Indeed, I've hoed plenty of weeds with this but never



ice pans. Should anyone witness this caper involved in launching a kayak, they'd have cause to wonder.

As I launched my kayak amongst the clutter of ice pans, nobody was there to watch and try to discourage me. I knew from past attempts that this had been a difficult situation, previously proven impossible for me. I had initially tried pulling myself along by reaching forward along each side of the hull and grabbing the ice pans as I could reach them. But after only 15' of progress I had succeeded in pulling ice pans in front of, and underneath, the kayak in overlapping layers, closing off instead of opening up the water ahead. At that time, with still a long way to go, and having ground to a decisive halt, I found I had to reach out behind me to pull, and push from in front, to get back to shore. After twice trying this method I noticed I was having no problem going backward to shore, regardless of the ice pan configuration.

So now I proposed to pull myself backwards out through the ice with the garden hoe, occasionally pushing from ahead as well. I was glad it was a bright day so I could see to judge how much force to exert on each ice pan, and when to stop and let the weight of the kayak break through a larger pan that I had pulled it up onto. So with delicate touches, I pulled myself backwards through the 100 feet or so of ice. When I gained open water, it was a relief to turn around and use my paddle. It had been fortunate that my Arluk III had a retractable skeg as a non-retracting skeg would have made my backward progress unstable and perhaps impossible.

Approaching Rogers Island, I heard the dogs greeting me, but noticed that ice was still packed in against the beach. So I turned my kayak around, took up my hoe, and pulled myself in to shore backwards. We had a joyful reunion and all was well with the world. I wondered if the eskimos had used such techniques in dealing with ice pans?



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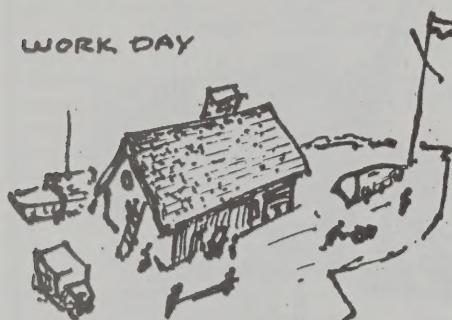
ADVENTURES IN A TOWNIE

By Tom



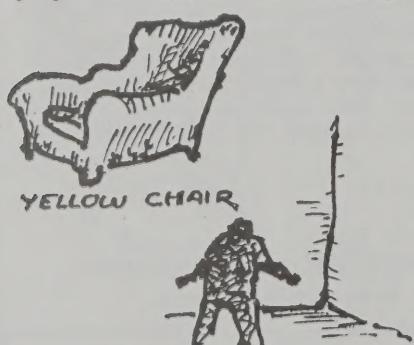
It was a beautiful day in mid-August when I arrived at the Dory Club. I planned to sail, but the members and their wives were busy cleaning and repairing; reminding me that it was a work day.

WORK DAY



The tide and ocean waves were undermining the foundation and it was feared that the Dory Club would soon fall into the sea. Holes were drilled and cement poured into the voids. I put my sailbag down and tried to decide what to do. It was decided for me when Neil started complaining that something was missing in one corner of the clubhouse.

"Something's definitely missing here," he kept repeating, staring into the corner. Then he suddenly realized what was missing. "My yellow chair!" he screamed.



THE CORNER

Like one of the three bears. "Where's my yellow chair?" he queried. Everyone was transfixed. "What happened to my yellow chair?" he continued.

The explanation was thrown at him. "We threw it out," the women chimed.

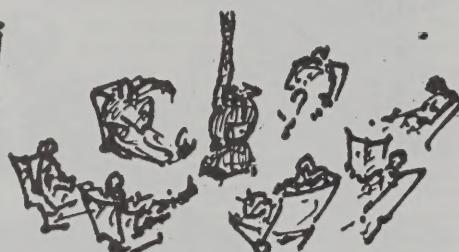
"Why?" he asked.

"It didn't match the other furniture."

"I don't match the other furniture!"

"True, but you're not here all the time," the women snickered.

"I sat in that chair all winter. We each have our own chair. We'd bank the woodstove, drink coffee, smoke pipes, and talk about boats," he mused.



STOVE

"We'll get you another chair," they offered.

"I don't want another chair. Where did you throw it out?" he asked.

"The trashman took it earlier this morning."

"Oh," he groaned pitifully.

"It's too squally to work around the club," I thought to myself, "best to get clear of the area." I put my foul weather gear on, shouldered the sailbag, grabbed the oars, and headed for the pram.

"Expecting a blow?" Rene asked, standing idly by, puffing his pipe.

"Don't like the look of that sky," I answered. We both stood for a moment and looked up into a cloudless blue sky.

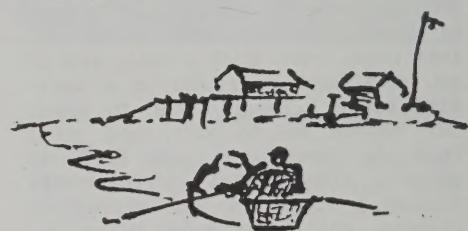


THE SKY

"Yep, could be trouble," he chuckled.

The Storm

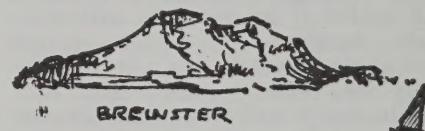
I pushed the pram into the water, climbed in with the bag and the oars and rowed out to the Townie.



"We're sailing to the islands," I told the boat when I climbed in.

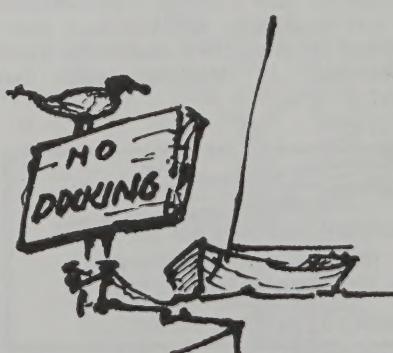
"Which one?" the boat asked.

"Whichever one the wind blows us towards," I answered. We cast off into a steady southeasterly wind carrying us directly to Greater Brewster Island. We sailed beneath



BREWSTER

its high drumlin hills and came into the wind at the pier. I tied up to the "No Docking" sign, lowered the sails and stepped ashore. I noticed the long streaming growth hanging from the bottom of the boat. I took a brush and tried cleaning it off but it was too tenacious.



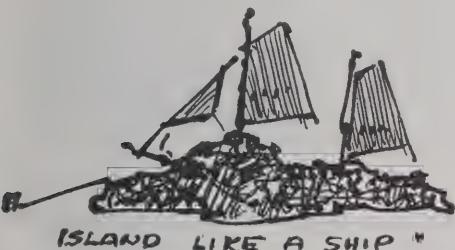
"It found a home," the boat said, "leave it be."

I chuck the brush into the boat and wandered off over the island. Eventually I stood on the cliffs above the wind ruffled water.

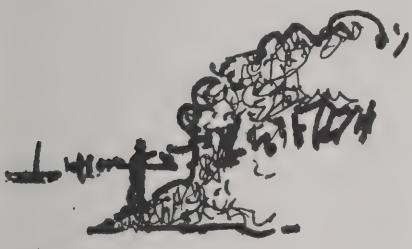


"I didn't fall in too deep," I replied. I raised the sails, cast off, and became contentedly aquatic again. It was now two hours after

Rabbits merrily played peek-a-boo with complaining gulls. The sun warmed the earth and it gently exhaled its fragrant vegetation. What stories this island could tell. A log should have been kept where dates and happenings could have been scribbled in. An island is like an anchored ship. Perhaps



that's why I feel such an affinity for an island. But not to the degree that I want to stay on it, because I kept looking back to see if the boat was still where I left it.



LOOKING BACK

I sat on a log and thought of the Galapagos...and evolution. Why doesn't the fish develop another tail where his head is, to swim either way and make himself indigestible to his predators? Or the bird become a helicopter? Or the rabbit a kangaroo kick for the owl? Or we could develop what we needed, I think we would all be better off than we are. I quickly pulled myself out of profundity and returned to the boat.



PROFOUNDITY

"I saw you meditating on the hill," the boat chided. "Questioning the divine plan can have repercussions."



noon. We sailed directly north for Nahant. The wind soon failed and the sea flattened to long rolling swells. The haze thickened and disturbed clouds tumbled on the horizon. Soon nervous flashes of lightning were followed by rumbles of thunder.



STORM

"Nothing to worry about," I told the boat, "our weather comes from the west. That storm is in the north and should pass north of us.

"It looks like it's coming this way," the boat said.

"It's not supposed to," I said.

"Do you think it knows what it is doing?" the boat asked.

"I don't think it does. It's not acting like it's supposed to." It was definitely coming toward us. Nahant disappeared under its black shroud.

"Can we run back to the islands?" I asked the boat.

"Too late," the boat answered, "we'd best prepare for it."

I lowered the mainsail and jib, then reconsidered and raised the jib again. "I'll leave the jib up," I said.

"Best not have any sail up when it hits us," the boat cautioned.

"If we're on the edge of it, we could sail out of it."

"The winds will be too strong," the boat said angrily.

I evaded the reply. "Should we leave the centerboard down?" I asked.

"No!" the boat said emphatically. "We could trip on it and roll over."

I took the mainsail off the boom and bagged it, lashed the tiller and tied the bailer to my wrist.

The storm came at us painfully slowly. I had plenty of time to do anything I wanted and couldn't think of anything to do. We sat and waited as the cloud drew closer.



WAITING

wondering which way the wind would come from. Nothing seemed to precede it. It hit us with wind and rain together. Luckily we were pointed into it. The jib blew apart and the forestay pulled the top part of the stem out of the boat. The mast snapped at the deck and fell



MAST SNAPPED

over the port side, saving me and the transom some damage. The sea was beaten flat. The water we took aboard was all rain. I bailed to keep us afloat. The wind soon blew itself out and the rain stopped abruptly, leaving us rolling on a passive sea under a clear tranquil sky. I lashed the broken mast alongside and set the oars in their locks and began mechanically rowing towards shore.



ROWING ASHORE

"That was just a wrist slap," the boat chuckled.

At the dock I met Wilson, the wharfinger. "When I saw you swallowed by that cloud, I thought to myself, well, that's the end of him. I won't have to go looking for him anymore. And here you show up again. I'm wasting my time worrying about you. You'll always show up. I never saw anybody survive so many mistakes. How Mother Nature can be so patient with such a goddam fool, I'll never know!"

Canoeing a Classic



AS TOLD FROM THE STERN

"(90 Miles, 11 carries totaling 7.5 miles) I don't care what races you've participated in, but unless you've done this event, you haven't lived. The Chamber of Commerce of Saranac Lake, NY, along with all of their support persons, and their two sponsors (Alpo and Great Canadian Canoes) deserve the tip of the paddle award for 1987 for having promoted everything that knits canoe racing with all the other amenities that go hand in hand.

Day One: The race was to start by class at 8 a.m. but the fog was too thick so we waited until the morning sun started to burn through. We finally got started at 9 a.m. at Old Forge, NY, for a day's distance of 35 miles with four carries covering 3.5 of those miles. Paddle through five lakes, get out and portage into lakes 6-7-8. Get out, carry through to a waterway that has natural paddling beauty, called Brown's Tract. After running a beaver dam, turn left and find ourselves in Raquette Lake, paddle bay into Forked Lake to the finish for the day.

At the finish each day the Race Committee makes certain all our camping gear is ready and waiting for us, so we make camp to get that well deserved rest. They also make provision for our meals. What a way to go camping!

Day Two: 30 miles, four carries covering 3.5 of those miles. This day's race started in a very different fashion; instead of paddling off at the start, we start in the middle of a portage. Great way to start the day, walking 1.5 miles! Finally we hit the Raquette River. After several short carries we enter Long Lake, then on to the Lost Channel/Raquette River again, portage around Raquette Falls, 1.25 miles. Then paddle along Stony Creek and finish the day at Axtion Landing. Folklore says we should howl for the Indians when making this landing. Vehicles awaited to transport us and our gear to the campsite on Upper Saranac Lake.

Day 3: Just 25 miles to go today, three short carries totalling only a half-mile. After a sauna the previous evening and a hearty breakfast at 5:30 a.m., we're ready. The race starts on time by class and covers the waters of Upper Saranac Lake, via Bartlett Carrying to Middle Saranac Lake, then right at Bluff Island, across 1st and 2nd Ponds into the Saranac River, carry, then Lower Saranac Lake to Lake Asseeetah, enter Lake Flower and on to the cove where the finish is at the village of Saranac Lake.

This hardly begins to describe this experience, you should mark your calendar for 1988, it's the sort of experience that will never leave you. It's for all serious paddlers, super serious, serious and beginning serious."

Earle Roberts

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Earle Roberts and Greg Latsha of the Connecticut Canoe Racing Association undertook last summer to compete in the three day, 90 mile Adirondack Canoe Classic. They each reported upon their experience in THE CONNECTICUT CANOE RACER, the club newsletter. What follows is their story with the overtones of suffering and struggle that seem to permeate canoe competition war stories:

The wind was blowing so fiercely that we rarely switched sides, all 14 miles.

Suffering. And then there was the ordeal of the boom box. Day One was a warm, partly sunny day, fresh body, enthusiastic attitude, beautiful scenery, 35 miles to go, and the guys in front of us had a massive stereo taped to their center thwart blaring the same rotten tape over and over and over...

Suffering. At the first half-mile portage, we ran out of the water up the bank, where I dropped the bow and ran into the outhouse. This type of action on the first few carries convinced Earle we could make better time if he carried the canoe and I followed with the gear. Day One ended with us in 4th place by only seconds and out of first place by only...hours.

Day Two dawned, but not quite yet. It's 5:15 a.m. and my inert, pain-wracked body is sitting in a school bus full of other inert pain-wracked bodies on the way to breakfast.

Group Suffering. As the rain pours down at the race start, Earle throws the canoe over his head, lines up next to a fellow competitor, and, at 30 second intervals, we then all get to run a mile and a half to water.

Suffering. And as Day Two draws to a close I eagerly anticipate sleeping in a wet bag in a wet tent on the wet ground after being wet all day, and ponder the probability that I am, in fact, insane. And nobody's ever noticed?

Ah yes, Day Three, the LAST DAY! The day I'll see my car again. FREEDOM! If only rigor mortis hadn't set in overnight.

Suffering. The mass start by class brought us all screaming out of a quiet bay into Class III type whitecaps kicked up by the wind. But it doesn't matter, my beloved car is now only 25 miles away.

And now the pain in my right elbow has subsided enough for me to write about the Adirondack Classic. I can't wait to do it again next year!

Greg Latsha

A VIEW FROM THE BOW

"Hut! How many times had I heard Earle say that in the three days? A thousand? Ten thousand? At least I didn't have to hear it on the eight miles of portages or on the entire length of Long Lake.



Launch at Tiverton, R.I.

Report & Photos from Jim Casey

Inward Bound

In the Spring of 1986 there was an article in BOATS describing the Wampanoag Commemorative Canoe Passage, an inland route from Scituate on the shore of Massachusetts Bay to Fall River at the mouth of the Taunton River. One could keep on going from there down through Mt. Hope Bay into Narragansett Bay or the Sakonnet River to Rhode Island's south coast and Long Island Sound.

This route, over seventy miles of rivers, brooks, ponds and marsh, including about twenty portages, was used by the Wampanoag Indians who inhabited southeastern Massachusetts for 10,000 years.

The article said that canoeists could obtain a free guide to the route from the Plymouth County Development Council, but shortly afterwards I learned it was no longer available. Nevertheless, I was still interested. Maybe it would be more challenging without explicit directions. I like trips in which there's some uncertainty, something problematical. My friend Roy Gilmore would lend me his topographic maps covering a large part of the route, and I also talked about the trip with Bart Hauthaway. He had undertaken to do the route from the Scituate end, and he gave me the sequence of rivers and ponds he had used (Bart lost the trail in an alder swamp partway through). A final source of information was my Appalachian Mountain Club Canoe Guidebook that describes the waterways of New England. What did I say about uncertainty?

I would be starting from the Fall River end, as I live in Newport, RI. I could leave right from

home, paddle up Narragansett Bay, across Mt. Hope Bay and into the Taunton River. Or I could start from nearby Middletown at the mouth of the Sakonnet River. The idea of leaving home in my little canoe and ending up far into the interior of southeastern Massachusetts was appealing.

I could plan my departure so that tide and wind (prevailing SW here) would be in my favor and use my little spritsail for twenty-five miles or so. After that, the river would be too narrow and twisting to sail. The Sakonnet River approach would be best I thought, because with a SW wind I could hug the west side of the river, if need be, for protection from too much wind. I wouldn't have any firm objective; I'd just go until I felt like coming home. My daughter Bernadette offered to pick me up when I was ready to come home.

But, as it turned out, I didn't do it that way. Nor did I go up Narragansett Bay. It was late October when I decided to go, and at that season open water is not so inviting for a small canoe, or safe. Better to depart from Portsmouth, I thought, near where the Sakonnet Bridge that carries Rt. 24 crosses over to Tiverton, RI. Still fairly open water for the first five miles or so, but bypassing the eleven miles of the Sakonnet River, which averages well over a mile in width.

My Wee Lassie is a lengthened one, 12'7" x 27", 36 lbs., built WEST SYSTEM (tm) (two layers of 1/8" cedar) by my son Philip and I a few years ago. The coated ripstop nylon removable decks fore and aft and the cockpit cover incorporating

a kayak spray skirt help to keep gear and paddler dry. I use a double paddle and she goes along very well indeed. So light, convenient and fast.

On a clear, beautiful Monday morning, my son-in-law John Griffin and I drove to Portsmouth, launched the canoe just north of the Sakonnet Bridge, and bade each other goodbye. He drove my car home and I pointed the canoe north up Mt. Hope Bay. The first five miles were tough going, the tide was falling and there was a stiff north wind, entirely opposite from my original thinking on an ideal departure. No protection from it whatever until I reached the Braga Bridge where Rt. 195 crosses the mouth of the Taunton River in Fall River. The battleship MASSACHUSETTS is there on the Fall River shore, open to the public. I slowed as I paddled past so as not to disturb her at her berth.

I stopped ashore near the bridge, rested awhile, and continued on up river. There was nothing particularly interesting or beautiful on this section of the Taunton; the city of Fall River on the right, Somerset and a couple of electric generating plants on the left. The weather continued sunny, warm and clear. I stopped again at Slade's Ferry (Rt. 6 I think) on the left and ordered a meatball sandwich from a nearby Pizza Hut, and had a beer while waiting for it. Eating the sandwich back at the canoe, I was surprised by the Goodyear Blimp cruising by upriver quite low. I certainly hadn't anticipated their interest in my adventure!

I wanted to make it as far as the Assonet River to stop for my first overnight because it had always looked so inviting when passing by on Rt. 24, but when I reached it, dusk was falling. No time, nor energy either, to go the mile or two up the Assonet to the place I had in mind. I took what came to hand, a tiny island at the very point of the Assonet mouth, barely separated from the shore, with a few bushes, a lot of litter and a central grassy pocket big enough for tent and canoe. I had come about eleven miles. I made camp, had supper, read a little, zonked out at 9 p.m. and didn't arise until nearly twelve hours later! It had indeed been a tough day's paddling for me.

Tuesday morning was glorious. Warm. No wind. Clear sky. The river was like glass. It's about a half-mile wide at this point with a mixture of homes and woodlands on its shores and just a few boats on moorings. A boy stopped by in his skiff, outward bound for some fishing. We stood there looking downriver, chatting, and absorbing the warmth and tranquility of the morning.

Far to the south the river's surface was very dark, the near edge of the dark area being crisply defined. It was enlarging in our direction. Wind. It reached us quickly and broke the spell.

Preparing to leave after breakfast, I put the canoe in a little depressed path through the grass, now flooded with the high tide, making an exquisitely convenient and perfectly scaled canal in which to load the canoe and leave from. It was nice being pushed along by that strong wind for the next few miles. I hadn't brought the sprit sail with me, but didn't need it here. It would have been too much.

After passing by the Dighton Rock State Park, the river, bordered by bullrushes in some places, narrows and becomes mostly wooded on both shores. The wind, considerably lighter in this narrower section, funnelled by the banks, followed the bends in the river so that it was usually always at my back. When I passed under the Dighton-Berkley Bridge it was gradually screened out more and more and soon I was gliding along on a glassy ribbon.

And so it continued for miles and miles. The river was clean and pleasant, the foliage beautiful, the current negligible. It was wooded along both shores and averaged about seventy feet wide. Even when I arrived in the environs of the city of Taunton, it wasn't too bad. I tied up near the Weir St. Bridge, climbed the bank, and bought a snack at Milky's Convenience Store. Later at Arlington St., after calling home from a building materials company office, through the kind-

ness of manager Jim Morin, I made camp in complete rustic privacy at a nice spot on the opposite bank, only bothered a little by the noise of traffic on Rt. 44 across the river.

I especially like evenings in the tent when cruising. I can look at maps more thoroughly than I'm inclined to when underway in the daytime. Also I always bring along a book. This trip it was "Small Boat Through Sweden" by an Englishman named Roger Pilkington, an account of the author's trip with his family through the canals, rivers and lakes in his beloved cabin cruiser. A wealth of how-to knowledge as well as a travel account. He's written quite a few other such books, accounts of their cruises in other parts of Europe, all beginning with "Small Boat Through...". There's also one on the specifics of canal and river cruising. From his writing, I think of him as a fine person.

Wednesday was another sunny day and I paddled shirtless. I saw a squirrel swim across the river at one point. There were no other boats on the river, the last I'd seen had been a runabout back near the Dighton-Berkley Bridge. Maybe that had something to do with the way I felt on Tuesday and Wednesday. I don't know why, but the way I felt as awful; a sort of emotional or spiritual malaise that I couldn't account for. Perhaps it was loneliness, though I'd not had this problem on similar trips I had made. The river continued much the same; clean, glassy, the woods on both banks clothed in autumn's glorious foliage.

That evening I had a tough time. After I'd made camp, a herd of cows showed up, coming from the woods far to the rear of the pasture I was in. Yes, I had noticed some signs but discounted them as not being recent, and there wasn't one animal in sight when I made camp. Probably a farm in back of those woods back there. Now they headed directly for my campsite as if to say, "Well, what's going on here? This is something new!" There were over twenty of them. But, they weren't milk cows, they were beef cattle, male and female, and that's what scared me. Were those bulls dangerous? I didn't know, and there wasn't another human being within sight or sound.

They surrounded my tent, with me standing beside it, and stood there gaping, neither friendly nor unfriendly, but very curious about this new thing in their lives. I didn't know whether it was safe to try to shoo them away or not. A few mild attempts changed nothing. It was as if they didn't get the idea. So we stood around like that for quite a while, me with paddle in hand. They would start to mouth my tent or ropes and

I'd dissuade them with paddle or yell, at the same time hoping it wouldn't trigger their anger. They didn't show any sign of belligerence, but I just didn't know and was very scared. I did a lot of praying.

After a while they wandered off and I took the opportunity to gather some dead tree limbs around the tent for protection. These would also protect me from being trampled during the night if and when it seemed safe to go to bed. Well, they came back again, circled close around the tent as before, gaped for a while, and left again. They were moving around out there late into the night. It might have been kind of tough packing up and paddling to a new place in the darkness, so I finally went to bed, waking now and then to listen to what the herd might be doing. And so the night passed, dawn arrived, and I was glad to see it. No hoof marks on my body.

The herd was a short distance away foraging, but the sight of me heeding nature's call was irresistible and over they came to investigate. I concluded the procedure under their bovine gaze as quickly as I could, and started packing up to leave. Two bulls were curious about my life jacket and tent fly hanging on a tree. One broke the dead branch stub bringing down the jacket. Canoe into the water, load it, and then, goodbye!

Thursday was another warm, pleasant day; slightly overcast. I reached the Titicut Street Bridge sometime that morning, carried over the road on account of the riffles under the bridge, and continued on upriver after talking with a heavily bearded man who lived in a trailer by the bridge. He had an aluminum skiff with an outboard on it, and was headed upriver to fish. This was only the second boat I'd seen since the Dighton-Berkley Bridge 18 miles back. He got underway before I did and when I saw him later he had some fish. Then, leaving again, he continued on further upriver, brutally forcing his craft over the numerous blowdowns on this part of the river (from the Auburn Street Bridge to the Rt. 104 Bridge). He had mentioned that he was going to do this. Apparently a regular thing with him. A great commotion of noise and smoke, but on he went and without being stopped for long anywhere.

I too had to get through the blowdowns. One in particular I remember because branches prevented bringing my canoe alongside the trunk to step onto it and slide the canoe across. Another spanned the river, bank to bank. Other than blowdowns (and the floating debris they collect) the river in this stretch was much the same as downstream; perhaps a bit wider

and brushier on both sides. With the low water level, the banks were muddy, making landings messy.

I don't recall passing under the Child's Bridge, but late in the afternoon I was surprised, and glad, to see the falls ahead and the Rt. 104 Bridge just beyond.

It is just above this bridge that the Town River coming from the west, and the Matfield River coming from the north, join to form the Taunton here about two miles east of Bridgewater, the place being called Paper Mill Village on the topo maps. The ruins of the mill are hard by on the right. I had launched here once on a day trip going downriver.

A decision was called for now because this would be a good place to take out if I didn't want to continue. It was now Thursday afternoon. Did I feel like going on? No, I didn't. I'd had enough for a while. My right wrist was sore and I was tired of being alone. I wanted to go home.

From near the falls, a trail led up through the woods to the road. A nearby convenience store had a phone, so I arranged, tentatively, (to be confirmed the next morning) to be picked up Friday afternoon. I bought a bottle of wine at the store, where it was fun to mention that I'd just arrived by canoe from Portsmouth, RI. Back to the canoe, make camp, have supper with the wine, look at maps, write in journal, read more of "Small Boat Through Sweden". Then a mediocre night on a sloping campsite wth the falls roaring nearby.

In the morning, yet another beautiful day. After making the confirming call, having breakfast, cleaning the canoe, breaking camp and carrying my gear up above the falls (3' high), I helped a duck hunter get his Sport Pal canoe down over the falls and he helped, me get my canoe up over them.

I wanted to see and paddle some of the Matfield, the next river

er in the sequence, before ending the trip, so I decided to spend this final nice day so doing, returning to the Rt. 104 Bridge to meet Bernadette at 4:30.

I had a feeling the Matfield would have a more pleasant, cheerier aspect, and I was right. It's much smaller than the Taunton, slow moving and more open, marshy environs in places, high banks with some pines in others. It's twistier too, not fun with my substantial keel. The water was clean with lots of turtles and some ducks. Along the banks were occasional backyards.

I had to get out and walk the canoe up through rapids at the Pond Street Bridge, then later I arrived at a stationary mass of floating debris spanning the river; plastic containers, pieces of wood,

chunks of styrofoam, vegetation, etc. It was pretty dense. After penetrating about twenty feet I took a break. It was hard work and I was only halfway through. It seemed pointless to keep on pushing through this stuff, only to shortly have to repeat the task on

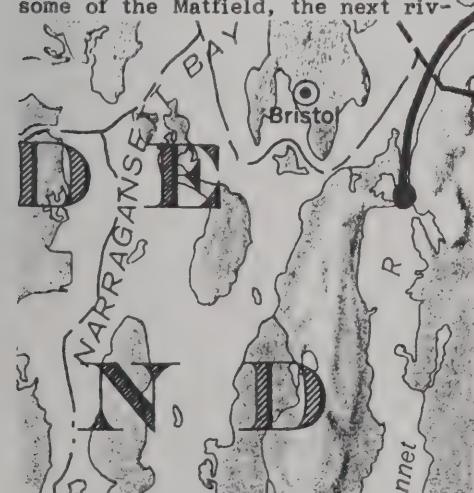


my way back. Since it was now mid-afternoon, I decided to call it quits and return to meet Bernadette. I backed out of the junk and turned downriver. Thus, the furthest point reached on my voyage became a mass of debris.

For the first time on my trip I was now heading downriver, not that this made much difference, for the current in the Matfield and the Taunton is slight. Back through the convolutions where the Matfield joins the Town and back to the bridge where I found a good spot to take out. Then I carried my gear and the canoe up the grassy bank to a place where Bernadette could pull off the road a bit. She arrived with my grandson, four year old Patrick, while I was talking with a man who worked nearby.

For anyone contemplating taking this trip, the guide describing the route is now once again available free from the Plymouth County Development Council, P.O. Box 1620, Pembroke, MA 02359.

Camp at Paper Mill Village.



Centerspread
south down the Taunton from first
overnight camp at the Assonet River
junction.





20

TO HARPSWELL POINT
ON A REEF
A COLD BATH

The next morning, Wednesday, was fair and warm. We rose early, and, after breakfasting on rock-cod and blue-perch which the Artist caught alongside, we resumed our cruise among the islands. We skirted the shores of one of the largest of these, Great Chebeague, and landed on its neighbor, Chebeague, around which we walked, picking up shells on its beaches and exploring caverns in its rocks. Toward noon the wind freshened, blowing fair and strong for Harpswell Point. We stretched across a broad expanse of the bay for that place, which the Skipper, who had formerly resided there, said was more beautiful than anything we had yet seen. We were running along pretty rapidly when the Skipper, who had the helm, began to show symptoms of uneasiness. It was so many years, he said, since he had sailed these waters, that he was not quite sure of his course — there were a good many sunken reefs in this part of the bay.

The Professor brought out the Coast Survey chart, and he and I attempted to spread it on the top of the cabin, but the wind was blowing too hard for that. We carried it below and spread it on the cabin table. We had just begun to examine it when my attention was arrested by a strange grinding and pounding sound apparently just beneath my feet, under the cabin floor. I had never heard anything like it, and had not the least suspicion of its cause. I glanced at the Professor, who turned pale and darted on deck. He had heard that sound once before, while cruising on the coast of Japan, and under circumstances not likely to make him forgetful of its meaning.

I followed him to the deck. The Skipper stood with the helm in his hand, looking sheepish. The Assyrian and the Artist were staring wildly about them, while the prompt old Pilot, though suddenly roused from a nap he had been taking on the shady side of the deck, had already let go the jib and was lowering the mainsail. Our vessel had run her length onto a reef, and was stuck fast about a mile from land. Fortunately the tide was rising, and in the course of an hour, by carrying out an anchor astern and hauling with all our strength, we succeeded in getting her off without any great damage. Stationing the Assyrian and the Artist at the bow, with instructions to keep a sharp lookout for rocks, we ran a few



CARTER'S COAST OF NEW ENGLAND

Being an account of a cruise from Provincetown to Bar Harbor in the summer of 1858,

Permission to bring you this interesting serial has been given by the publisher, New Hampshire Publishing Company, Somersworth, NH.

miles farther, and, entering the heart-shaped bay at the end of Harpswell Point, anchored in deep water, not far from its eastern shore.

As the Skipper said that this was a good place for fish, we got out our lines while the Pilot was getting dinner. Before we had caught anything the meal was ready, and we went below, leaving our lines in the water in hopes of finding that some fish had been foolish enough to hook himself during our absence.

It so happened that I was first on deck after dinner. I tried the lines, but found nothing caught. The Assyrian's line was over the stern, and, as the tide was running very fast, he had let it out to its whole length of several hundred feet. I hauled it in to see that it was still baited, and as no one had yet followed me out of the cabin, I took the opportunity to play the Assyrian a trick. A huge stone jug weighing many pounds, and capable of holding several gallons, stood near me on the deck empty. It was our principal water jug, and the Skipper had placed it there to have it handy, intending to take it ashore and fill it after he had cleared away the dinner things. The temptation was irresistible. I tied the end of my friend's line to the handle of the jug, and

lowered it overboard. The tide swept it far along until it had gurgled full of water, when of course it sank plumb. I returned to my own line, and presently caught a large cod, the sound of whose flapping on deck brought out my comrades.

The Assyrian, cigar in mouth, sat down on the taffrail and gently fingered his line, with the air of a man who has had a satisfactory dinner and does not yet care to exert himself to catch fish for supper. Presently, however, he had a bite, and began languidly to pull up his line. The unusual weight soon made itself felt. The Assyrian grew suddenly excited. He said nothing about halibut, for previous disappointments had made him cautious on that point, but halibut was in his mind by the way he handled his line, holding it in readiness to yield in case the monster should suddenly put forth his strength. We gathered round to witness the struggle. The Assyrian tugged and tugged, growing gradually more and more astonished at the weight of his capture and the passive nature of its resistance, for the halibut, as the fisherman often told us, never yields without a desperate and powerful contest. At length his prize reached the surface. Without remark the Assyrian quietly lifted it on board, amid roars of laughter, and as he passed into the cabin to relight his cigar, good-humoredly nodded to me, saying:

"I'll pay you for that, my boy, before you are much older." He kept his word.

By and by the Skipper put the jug into the boat, and the Assyrian and I went ashore with him to a fisherman's cottage, the only house in sight. I had been struck, as I saw it from the deck of the sloop, with the singular beauty of the place.

The men of the fisherman's family were away, but there were several women at the house, who received us kindly and gave us milk and berries. The Assyrian speedily made himself at home with the ladies, and when I proposed to go to the beach, about two hundred yards from the house, to take an ocean bath, he refused to accompany me, but offered to wait where he was till I came back. The Skipper had gone to his sloop with his jug of water, to invite the Artist and Professor on shore to partake also of milk and berries. So I went alone to the sea, and strolled along the beach till I came to a convenient pile of rocks, out of sight of the house, and took off my clothes, and went in.

The water was awfully cold, and being unable to swim, and so not daring to plunge boldly, I endured fearful torture in the effort to get a thorough bath. A few rods farther along from where I went in, there was a large rock almost covered by the water, to

which I decided to go, calculating that by the time I could reach it and return, I should have had as much sea-bathing as it was desirable or possible to endure.

I reached it easily enough, and after clinging to it for a moment thoroughly chilled, turned to go to the shore.

Imagine my dismay at beholding, as I looked around, a woman approaching along the beach from the direction of the house. A tall, elderly female, wearing a veil and carrying a parasol. Evidently she was bent on a seaside stroll. She would have seen me if she had looked in my direction, for the distance that separated us was inconsiderable. But she walked with her eyes cast down, either wrapped in thought or searching for shells and pebbles, I could not determine which. Nor did it much matter. I was nearly dead with cold, but of course could not quit the shelter of the water while the lady was in sight. If she only kept onward, however slowly, I thought I could hold out, for thank Heaven! there was a rocky point at no great distance which would conceal me from view as soon as she should pass it. So I crouched behind the rock to which I was clinging, shuddering with anguish as the chill waves rolled in succession over me.

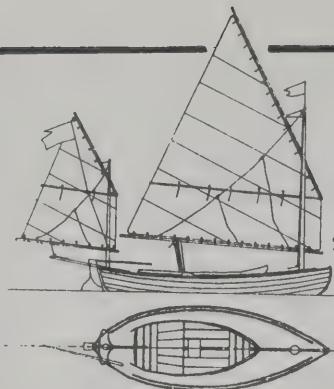
The lady was provokingly slow. She lingered, she stopped, she stooped to examine every shell and every pebble. I grew almost frantic with suffering, and was twenty times on the point of crying out, and warning her off. Still, I trusted she would pass without seeing me, and thought I could endure a little longer.

At length she reached the rocks, among which I had deposited my clothes. She did not notice the garments apparently, but, after pausing for a minute, coolly sat down, and, to my horror and despair, pulled a book from under her shawl and began to read.

I could stand it no longer. All the tales I had ever heard of persons who had died from staying too long in the water rushed upon my memory. I felt convinced that I was not only blue around the mouth, but blue all over. It seemed as if I had been in the water at least two hours. I should certainly die. But death itself was preferable to this infernal cold, which caused my very bones to ache. Positively I could stand it no longer.

I began by coughing, gently at first, afterward more vigorously. It did no good. She was absorbed in her book, some foolish novel, doubtless — confound the author! I hemmed, hawed, hooted.

I splashed the water. All to no effect. A horrible thought flashed across me: perhaps she was deaf. I



NORDVINDEN

CANOE YAWL
13' LOA
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6" DRAFT (BOARD UP)
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100 SQ. FT. SAIL AREA
340 LBS. (FULLY RIGGED)
400 LBS. LOAD CAPACITY

NORD VINDEN ("North Wind" in Swedish) is the latest addition to my product line. It was inspired by the canoe yawl ETHEL in John Leather's book "Sail & Oar". Construction is glued lap plywood lapstrake, 6.5mm Sapelle planking, 5mm Okoume decking. Deck beams and framing are ash. Cockpit coaming and trim are cherry. Outer stems, rubrail, toe rails, keel, tiller and boomkin are black locust. Floor boards are pine. Two bulkheads with hatches are fitted. One-piece centerboard is 1/8" brass (a folding "radix" type is also available). Bottom and garboards are fiberglassed for beaching abrasion resistance. NORD VINDEN can comfortably accommodate two people and their gear.

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tried to get a stone from the bottom to throw at her, or rather near her, in hopes of attracting her attention, but found I could not reach bottom without putting my head under water. It suddenly occurred to me that the tide was rising, and that my post would no longer be tenable even if I could stand the cold. That settled the question.

"Hallo! hallo there!" I shouted with all the force of my lungs.

"Hallo, yourself! What are you making such a row for? Aren't you ashamed to yell at a lady in that way?"

I recognized the voice at the first word, and was beside the speaker before the sentence was finished. Throwing up the veil, which had concealed his features, the Assyrian burst into a laugh, in which, though at first I thought of stoning him, I finally joined. He had persuaded the women at the cottage to lend him his disguise, in order to repay me, as he had promised, for the affair of the jug.

A smart run on the beach in the warm air relieved me of the chill I had got in the water. Being soon after joined by the Professor and the Artist, we rambled till sunset amid the groves and glades and rocks and beaches of the peninsula, which we all agreed far surpassed Nahant in beauty, while it almost exactly resembled it in situation. The sunset, as we watched it from a lofty bank crowned with trees, was glorious. Our view extended over Casco Bay to the mainland beyond, and farther still to the White Mountains, of which we had never from any point obtained a more beautiful or more impressive view.

We lingered long after Mount Washington had vanished in the gloom of twilight, and then, descending to the shore, assented fully to the patriotic remark of the Skipper, as he rowed us to the sloop, that "There wasn't a finer place in the world than Harpswell."



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DESIGNS



THE DC-10 FLEET

Douglas Cooper of Falmouth, Massachusetts, is the man responsible for the little 10' DC-10 sailing dinghy, his answer to the popularity of the 6' Cape Cod Frosty. Doug and his growing number of DC-10 owners race their roomy, stable dinghies in Quissett Harbor near Falmouth on the Buzzards Bay side of Cape Cod. Doug reports on developments as follows:

"At this time last year we had sailed one DC-10 in Quissett Harbor. GNOME was the nucleus of the fleet. She was first sailed in the late fall of 1986, finishing up her first season on Christmas Day. By early spring of 1987 we had added SQUAREHEAD to provide some competition.

Now as 1988 arrives there are six in the fleet with four more under construction. Another will not be joining the fleet here, for it was shipped off to England in kit form as a result of a visitor who happened to stop by the harbor on Easter of 1987.

The final outing of the 1987 season actually took place on January 2nd, 1988 at Eel Pond near Woods Hole. It was a beautiful sunny, but cold, day. Slush ice was forming around the edges of the pond. All six boats sailed in all six races with a variety of skip-

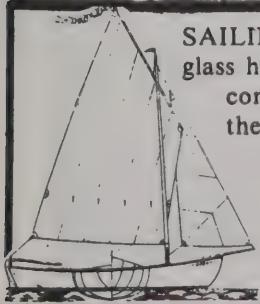
pers. We had begun the fall series in September, every Sunday afternoon at 1 p.m., weather permitting. Six to eight people would take turns around the marks in the inner harbor at Quissett. We attempted five races per afternoon but as the days grew short in November, sometimes three were all that could be managed.

It was a relaxing way to spend those Sunday afternoons. Many of us race Herreshoff 12-1/2's in summer, and the DC-10 has lengthened out our racing season for us. We found it very pleasant being alone in your own little boat, making your own mistakes, sailing along with the breeze close to shore and over into a quiet cove. A major appeal of the DC-10 is its stability and comfort under sail. And we all love the way it accelerates when the breeze comes across the water. The simple rig and light weight make the DC-10 easy to transport.

We plan our 1988 season to open around Easter with about eight boats taking part, and run on into December. If you'd like to learn more about the DC-10 and our activities, contact me, Douglas Cooper, at Cooper Boatbuilding & Design, 267 Sippewissett Rd., Falmouth, MA 02540."

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How did this come about? Imagine yourself as the tiller man on an old Viking "long serpent". Your place is on the after deck at a right-side mounted tiller which is on the "steering side". "Starboard" became "starboard". Since you must protect this delicate steering mechanism, you dock on the other side, the "port" or "la-denboard" or "larboard" side.

Now we are under sail with a large square sail forward. On a starboard tack you can see to starboard but the sail blocks your view to port. On the port tack you can see under the sail to starboard but the vessel's side blocks your view to port. Either way, you can see to starboard and give way to another boat you can see. You cannot do so to port. Thus, the boat that can see gives way to that which cannot.

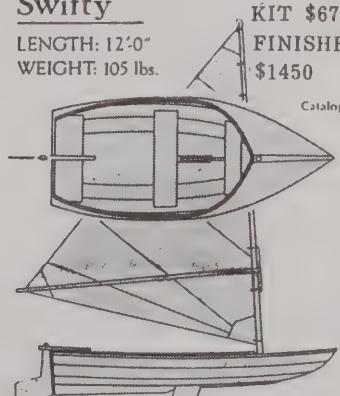
And this is why the lights are as they are, Red-danger-can't see, green-safe-can see.

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Only 50 years ago, 1936 seems like another world when you read the boating catalogs of that year. Following up on our look at the Johnson outboards, Thompson boats and Old Town canoes of 1936 in the December 15th issue, here's another peek into that past, courtesy of reader J.R. Connor of Rehoboth, Massachusetts.

More Nostalgia . . .

OLD TOWN CANOES and BOATS • 1936 •

"Old Town 'SPONSON' Canoe"



Shows difficulty of upsetting

If you keep away from the water because of distrust of the ordinary rowboat or canoe, try this canoe. Boys and men, because of its safety, use it even more readily than the regular canoe. Girls' summer camps have scores of them. It is named "Sponson" from the air chambers built out each side and extending from stem to stern. Amidships the sponsons are 4" wide, 5" deep. This ample size doubles the air space and buoyancy as compared with

smaller designs. They add about 25 lbs. in weight. They are clear of the water and touch the water only when the canoe is careened.

Stock Color Dark Green. Extras page 37. Stock Sponson Canoes built on H. W. Model. Sponsons built to order (three weeks) on any models for \$18.00, except 20 ft. canoe (page 9) cost is \$22.00. Rowlocks can be added for use separately or at the same time with paddles. Rowing equipment page 34.



Shows buoyancy when swamped

Length Extreme	Width Extreme	Depth Amidships	Approx. Weight	Approx. Weight Packed	For export (see note p. 32)		A. A. Grade (see p. 3) with keel			C. S. Grade (see p. 3) with keel	
					Approx. Weight Crated	Approx. Cubic Measurements	Open Mahogany Gunwales	Telegraph Code Word	Open Spruce Gunwales	Telegraph Code Word	
16 ft.	41 in.	12 in.	95 lbs.	145 lbs.	275 lbs.	150 ft.	\$96.00	Asponal	\$86.00	Asespion	
17 "	42 "	13 "	103 "	160 "	280 "	160 "	99.00	Asponainet	89.00	Ascotspon	
18 "	43 "	13 "	110 "	175 "	300 "	175 "	102.00	Asponasah	92.00	Ascinespon	

In Writing Order, Give Length, Grade, Model, Color and Price. Also Extras and Equipment.



18 ft. Sponson with 55 ft. sail and rudder



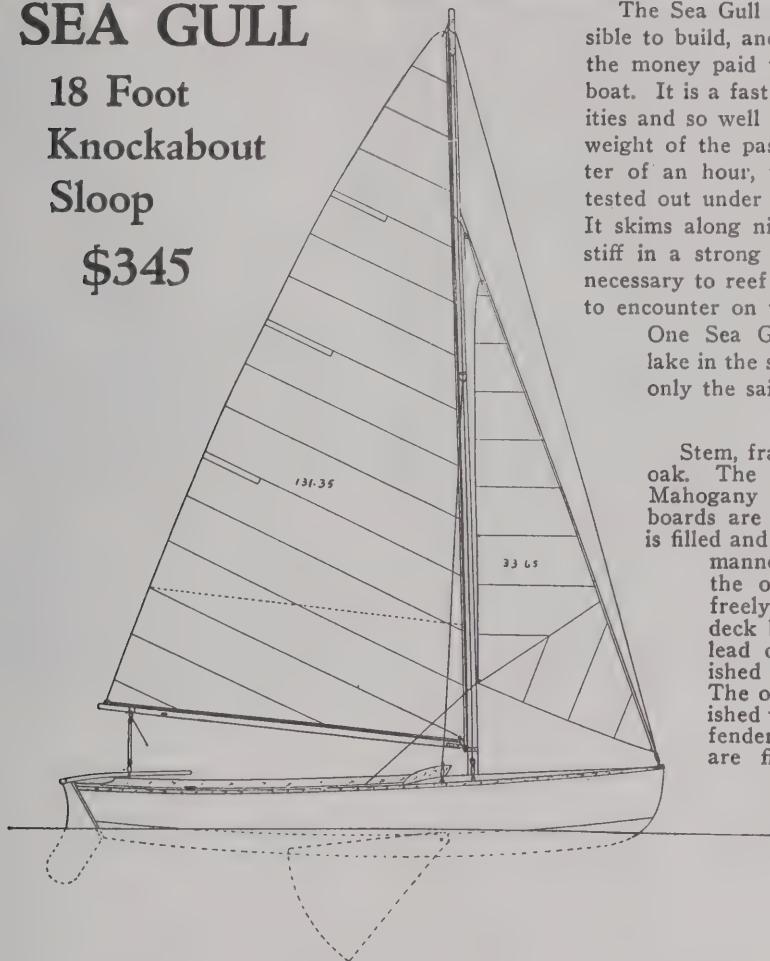
18 ft. Sponson submerged but still sailing

Thompson BETTER BUILT Boats

SEA GULL

18 Foot
Knockabout
Sloop

\$345



Standard Equipment

Modern Marconi sloop rig sail (165 sq. feet area), hollow mast 23 ft. 6 in. long, above the deck. T-shaped boom with all standing and running rigging. Hot dipped galvanized pulleys are used throughout. Galvanized aeroplane wire is used for stays and shrouds. Aeroplane wire does not stretch and can be kept as tight as a fiddle string. A hot dipped galvanized, steel center board is used. A one piece wood rudder, like the one shown on the boat is standard equipment.

Order No.	Length	Width	Depth	Price
651	18 ft.	7 ft.	27 in.	\$345.00

Draft with center board up 10 inches.
Draft with center board down 4 feet.

FOR SALT WATER—If the boat will be used in salt water all fastenings should be copper or brass. The deck hardware and the pulleys used should be brass or bronze, instead of galvanized. The extra charge will be \$20.00.

FOR SHALLOW WATER—If the boat will be used in shallow water a pivot type rudder, made so that the blade of the rudder will swing up if it runs aground or strikes an obstruction. If a pivot type rudder is used you can sail the boat in water about ten inches deep. The price of a pivot type rudder for the Sea Gull, if ordered separately, will be \$12.00. If ordered instead of the straight rudder which is included as standard equipment, the extra charge will be only \$6.00.

The Sea Gull is the simplest type of real boat it is possible to build, and you will receive more boating value for the money paid than it is possible to obtain in any other boat. It is a fast boat with exceptionally good sailing qualities and so well balanced that it has been sailed (with the weight of the passengers properly distributed) for a quarter of an hour, without touching the tiller. It has been tested out under all sorts of conditions and is a real boat. It skims along nicely in light airs and not only stands up stiff in a strong wind, but is so seaworthy that it is not necessary to reef the sail in blows as bad as you are likely to encounter on waters where boats of this size are used.

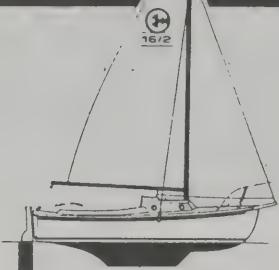
One Sea Gull negotiated a voyage from an inland lake in the state of New York to Miami, Florida, using only the sail most all of the way.

Specifications

Stem, frames and chine are made of selected white oak. The planking is selected cedar, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Mahogany is used for fenders and trim. The deck boards are cedar, covered with canvas. The canvas is filled and finished with deck paint in the customary manner. Good strong deck beams are used and the occupants of the boat may walk around freely on the deck, without fear of breaking the deck beams. The inside of the boat is painted lead color. The deck is finished buff color or sea green. The outside of the hull is finished with Marine white. The fenders, trim, seats and floor are finished in the natural wood. All screws, nails and deck hardware are hot dipped galvanized or cadmium plated.



ON DISPLAY



ComPac 16', 19', 23', 27'
Nimble 20, Appledore 19

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WINTER READING

The Wood & Canvas Canoe

A Complete Guide
to its History,
Construction,
Restoration, and
Maintenance

Jerry Stelmok
and Rollin Thurlow



THE WOOD & CANVAS CANOE
By Jerry Stelmok & Rollin Thurlow
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

Jerry Stelmok and Rollin Thurlow cooperated on writing this book all about their favorite kind of boat. Stelmok has already been published with a book on building the Maine Guide Canoe (which he does), but Rollin's been busy gathering up all his historical notes while carrying on his canoe repairing and restoration business and this is his first published work (part of it was published in WOODEN BOAT magazine last year). The two were formerly partners in the Island Falls Canoe Company (which name Stelmok retained) but decided to split the business into building new and fixing old. Rollin took the latter and operates as Northwoods Canoe just around the corner (as distances go in Maine) in Atkinson, ME. That's near Dover-Foxcroft. They are both key players in a community of wood/canvas canoe fabricators in central Maine.

Well, the book is in three parts that blend into each other. Rollin starts it off with the history of wood/canvas canoes, by first telling us all about one Henri Vaillancourt of Greenville, NH. The bark canoe was the predecessor of the wood/canvas type, an Indian creation of great utility and grace. Vaillancourt fell in love with this canoe type as a youth and has made building them, and researching the culture from which they sprang, a life work. In his thirties today, he

builds only three a year and commands a price of about \$300 a foot, so it's a living.

From birchbark, Rollin moves into wood/canvas, the white settler's "improvement" on the "savage" craft. Typically, the Yankee settlers created a graceful, useful, practical craft that could be mass-produced to make a buck. The Bangor area of Maine and a couple of Canadian locations became the production centers for the craft. Of course, the business just about collapsed when outboard boats became practical, and today a scant few craftsmen continue to build in wood/canvas.

Jerry Stelmok is one of them, so he takes over now and takes us through the building of one of his E.M. White guide canoes. He writes in a journal format, with sidebar bits tossed in philosophizing on local wildlife, seasons, the weather, etc., mostly on his morning walk a mile to work in his shop from his home. Just down the road it is, in that part of Maine. Good stuff, not sappy urban-environmentalist musings. Jerry may be a craftsman, but he's also a production man, he's all set up with the building molds, jigs, tools, steambox, and hardware to move right along once he begins.

When Jerry's done, Rollin returns to tell us about fixing up the old canoes. He differentiates between "repairing", which is just spot fixing to keep a canoe functional, and "restoring", which is a much more thorough effort to recover an original artifact. People have this old canoe that's been in the family 50 years and are attached to it. Or someone has a certain make or model that's considered a desirable type. Or another got this old canoe from a neighbor who was taking it to the dump. They come to Rollin for the expertise needed to make the boats right again. While some can be viewed as investments, most have to be restored for love, as it'll cost and the ultimate value may barely recover the costs, if that.

Rollin's a traditionalist and perfectionist, but it was nice to learn he uses epoxy to "harden" punky ends of ribs that had end grain exposed in the open gunwales. Instead of replacing all the ribs because of that 1/2" of soft stuff on each end. And, I particularly liked his preferred method for cleaning out the usual layers and layers of paint or varnish combined with dirt from the insides. "Find someone else to do it", he says. But he goes on to ruefully admit he's not been very successful with that approach.

There are many interesting photos, historical, and building technique type, and three plans in the back of the book. A lovely color cover lures you into the book.

A very minor glitch was a clanger in one sidebar discussing the Chestnut Canoe firm's history in the middle of which the discussion swaps over to the Thompson Brothers, and then several paragraphs later, jumps back. This is a typesetting/layout blunder, not an author's intent, certainly. As soon as it dawns on you what has hap-

pened, you just skip the Thompson part and pick up the Chestnut thread again.

"The Wood & Canvas Canoe" is published by the Harpswell Press, The Boston Bldg., 132 Water St., Gardiner, ME 04345, (207) 582-1899. Price for the 8.5"x11", 296 page softcover book is \$15.95.



ON THE WATER
By Douglas Alvord
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

Doug Alvord finally found a publisher for his long-yearned-for book on small boats. Another book on small boats? Yup, but a bit different. The YANKEE magazine people in Dublin, NH, have a division called Yankee Books and they sent me an uncorrected proof to review. They promise the finished book when it's ready. I hope so, because I want to see the eight color paintings and 100 line drawings Doug has included. The dustjacket features his painting of a New Haven sharpie on a mellow sea at sunset with a skipper very much at ease at the tiller. This will be one of those books that's wider (10-3/8") than it is tall (8-1/8"), a "coffee table" format.

What about the contents, though? Well, I found it an easy read over the years from the Indian canoes through working small craft on to recreational small craft, a light touch on the same subject exhaustively researched and recorded by Howard Chappelle. From Chappelle you can learn exactly how every boat was created and built and used, if you can grind through the impenetrable prose. Alvord's prose is anything but impenetrable,

it skips along in-chatty fashion. But, you'll not learn anything useful as a guide for building. What you will get is a feeling for small boats and their charms. Doug is an artist, not a historian.

His remark about small boats being "fantasies with wooden edges" sums up his effort. He talks about various regional craft (in the eastern part of the country), the people who built them and used them, and in some cases build them today, the reasons for their development, the human side of so much of small boating. "The Romance & Lore of Small Boats" as it is subtitled. This is a great book if you've just discovered small boats and need to get an overview of the variety and history. If you're already informed on this, then it's for a friend who has expressed some wonder at your addiction. Doug tells of the spell small boats can cast very deftly. He's talking to the uninitiated, even including a sort of "dictionary" of terms that define small boat construction.

For \$24.95 you get this 160 page paen of affection for small boats of America (eastern), with eight color paintings and 100 line drawings, from Yankee Books, Dublin, NH 03444, (603) 563-8111. When it's ready. Maybe by the time you read this.



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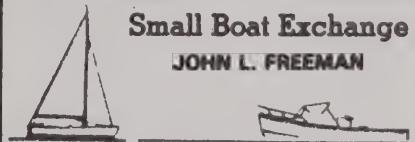
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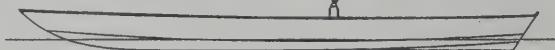
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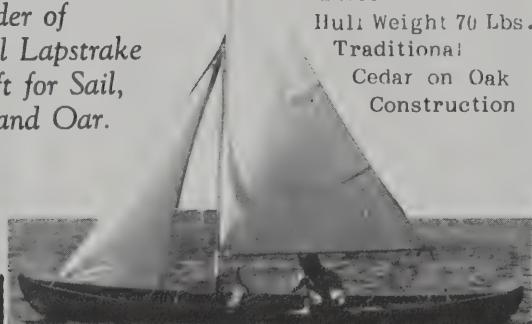
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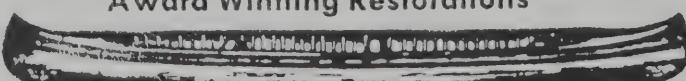
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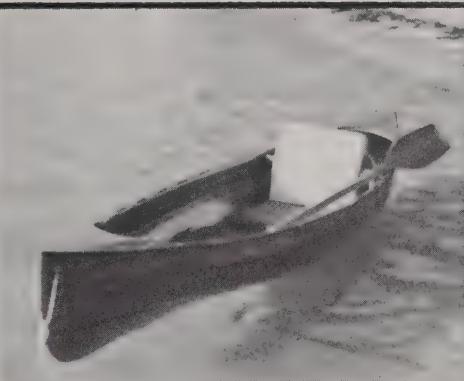
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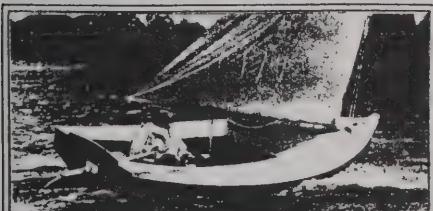
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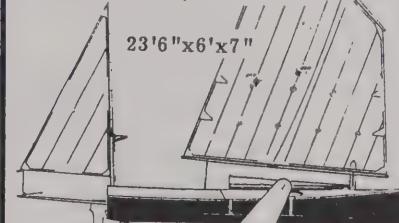
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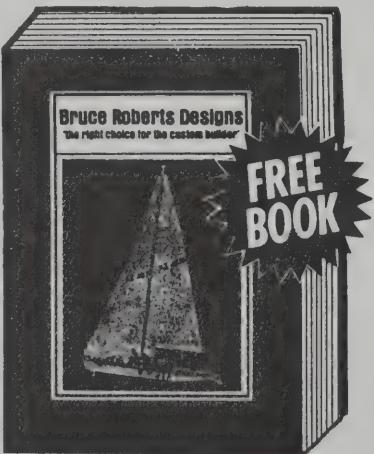
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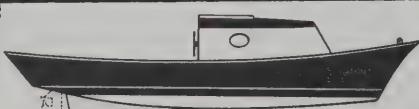
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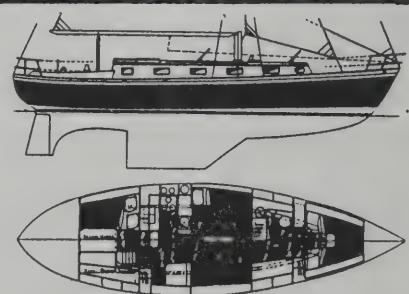
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LEFTOVER SALE. Pintail 14' daysailer with trailer, \$2,695; CL-16 (Wayfarer) with trailer, \$3,695; Aquacat 14' Catamaran with trailer, \$2,495; Jezebel 14' daysailer with trailer, \$2,295.

CAPE ANN SMALL CRAFT, Box 592, Essex, MA 01929, (617) 768-7411. (21)

LONG, LEAN, LAPSTRAKE pulling boat wanted, wood first choice, fiberglass second choice. Will be converted to sliding seat rig if necessary.

JOHN KNOX, 67A Green St., Milton, MA 02186, (617) 828-9413. (20)

19' CHRIS CRAFT deluxe runabout, 1937. Double cockpit forward. 98% complete with Model M Chris Craft engine. Both hull and engine are in good condition but need restoration. \$3,500.

ROY ROYAL, 8524 N. Gratiot, Richmond, MI 48062. (20)

22' FIBERGLASS SAILBOAT HULL, similar to O'Day. Needs to be finished, good winter project. Also have mast, boom and rudder. Best offer.

PHILIPPE DRAPEAU, Tiverton, RI, (401) 624-4080. (20)

KEY LARGO COTTAGE, sunny efficiency on private waterfront available for rent at cost of \$350/week. Enjoy beautiful clear bay, snorkeling, sunsets. Sailboat, rowing boat, windsurfer available extra.

KEY LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES, (305) 451-0083. (TFB)

SEA KAYAKS. Saga from Klepper, with rudder, flotation, spray skirt, deck bungee cords, knee braces. Red and white, large volume, reinforced floor, mast step. One year old, fiberglass. Extremely good in ice and strong wind. \$850. Don Betts built Greenland Gankok, Bruynzeel plywood, West System epoxy, fiberglass, canvas, with flotation, deck bungee cords, compass. Does not weathercock nor need a rudder. Excellent in ice, very strong hull.

GAIL FERRIS, Stony Creek, CT, (203) 481-4539 eves, (203) 783-4225, 7-3:30. (20)

10.5' WHITEHALL classic reproduction, lapstrake fiberglass hull nicely finished with wood and bronze. Pretty, new, has never been used. \$1,200.

PHILIPPE DRAPEAU, Tiverton, RI, (401) 624-4080. (20)

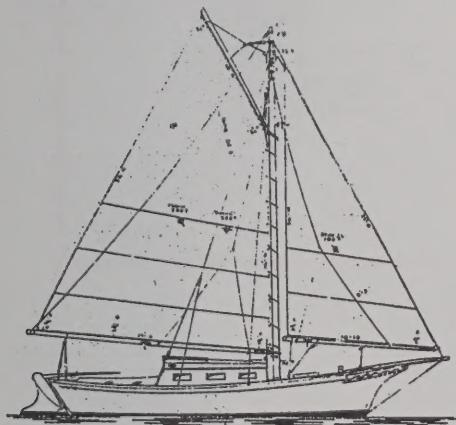
FLORIDA BAY CHARTERS. Beautiful 25' and 34' sharpies for bareboat charter cruising shallow, remote Florida Bay waters in style and comfort. Sail, sunbathe, birdwatch, snorkel, fish. Incomparable cruising experience (see May 1, 1987 issue of BOATS, page 12).

KEY LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES, (305) 451-0083. (TFB)

Looking for a Boat or Gear?



TRADITIONAL SHARPIE KETCH with leeboards. Reasonably priced. ALAN PRESTON, Cataumet, MA, (617) 564-6672. (20)



LOVING HOME AFLOAT NEEDED. 24' Atkins "New Sister", work needed but complete except for ballast. \$2,000.

BOB SERVIAS, 97 Jewell St., Mansfield, MA 02048, (617) 339-2409. (20)

SLIDING SEAT ROWING RIG. Drop-in model for canoes, skiffs. This is a prototype of the rig for which I sell plans. Near new condition, includes riggers, sculling locks, ballbearing-wheeled seat, adjustable foot stretcher (you supply clogs). \$185. Oars NOT INCLUDED! Will ship via UPS to New England area.

OWEN CECIL, Box 584, Manistee, MI 49660, (616) 723-3188. (20)

PIGEON MAST, new, varnished solid fir, 33'OA x 5.5" diam. Also used solid fir mast, 35'11"OA x 6.125" diam.

R.K. WILMES, 120 Warner Rd., E. Haddam, CT. 06423, (203) 873-1051.

WOOD CRAFTSMANSHIP. Rob Myhre, Design and Boat Restoration. 10532 Abbott Ave., Bloomington, MN 55431. (612) 881-6022 or (313) 279-2304 (Monroe, MI). (5)

17' CHESTNUT CANOE, wood/canvas in very good condition, little used and garage stored. \$1,500. KATHLEEN KELLEY, Darien, CT, (203) 655-2464. (20)

18' NOMANS LAND boat, ketch rigged double-ender daysailer. Cedar on oak., many extras. In excellent condition. \$3,000.

JIM KROLL, Byfield, MA, (617) 465-0366. (20)

16' L.F. HERRESHOFF SEA KAYAK, Design #57 in "Sensible Cruising Designs". Newly built, traditional construction. Fast, seaworthy, handsome. Send SASE for photo and info.

TOM ARDITO, Mulberry Farm, Guilford, CT 06437, (203) 453-0442. (TF)

12' SAN FRANCISCO PELICAN, 75% completed, \$2,500. Fully finished, \$5,000.

OLD WHARF DORY CO., Box W, Wellfleet, MA 02667, (617) 349-2383. (21)

SEAGULL OUTBOARD, short shaft, four-blade prop, \$100.

STAN DZIEMJA, S. Walpole, MA, (617) 668-3879. (21)



38' CROCKER AMANTHA CUTTER, 1937 (documented). Beamy and beautiful, sound and sailable (1987 photo). Hard times force sale. If you're looking for a classic boat to work on, look here. \$14,900/bo. NANCY LUBAS, Gloucester, MA, (617) 281-5353. (21)

INFORMATION WANTED SECTION

The following readers are in need of information on various boats:

ELECTRI-CRAFT. Electric launches produced in the 1930's in Syracuse, NY by the Electri-Craft Corp. Information on the company or its boats needed to assist in restoration of one of their models.

PETE BRACK, 107 Castlewood Tr., Sparta, NJ 07871, (201) 729-3083, (201) 729-6350. (20)

GLEN L "FANCY FREE". Information from anyone who has built or sailed this boat.

RALPH ELLIS, 384 Rt. 87, Columbia, CT 06237, (203) 228-3178 (call collect). (20)

15' HINCKLEY INBOARD RUNABOUT. Built in the 1950's. Information needed as there seems to be some changes made in one I purchased. Hinckley does not have plans.

TOM DOANE, Ipswich, MA, (207) 356-7689. (20)

ATOMIC 4 INBOARD. 1950's vintage. Information needed for restoration.

TOM DOANE, Ipswich, MA, (207) 356-7689. (20)

14' PETERBOROUGH CATBOAT. 1905-06 varnished lapstrake with bent ribs. Information on the design and also on how to strip out interior finish.

ROY ROYAL, 8524 N. Gratiot, Richmond, MI 48062. (20)

Granta SEA KAYAKS

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LONG COCKPIT DOUBLE 17'1" \$940

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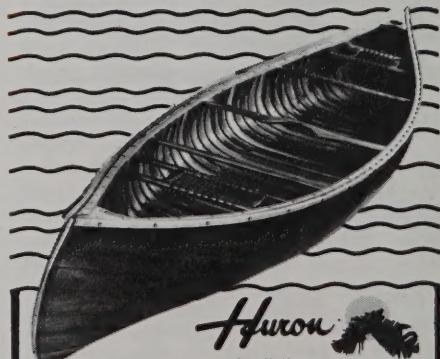
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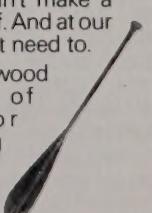
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